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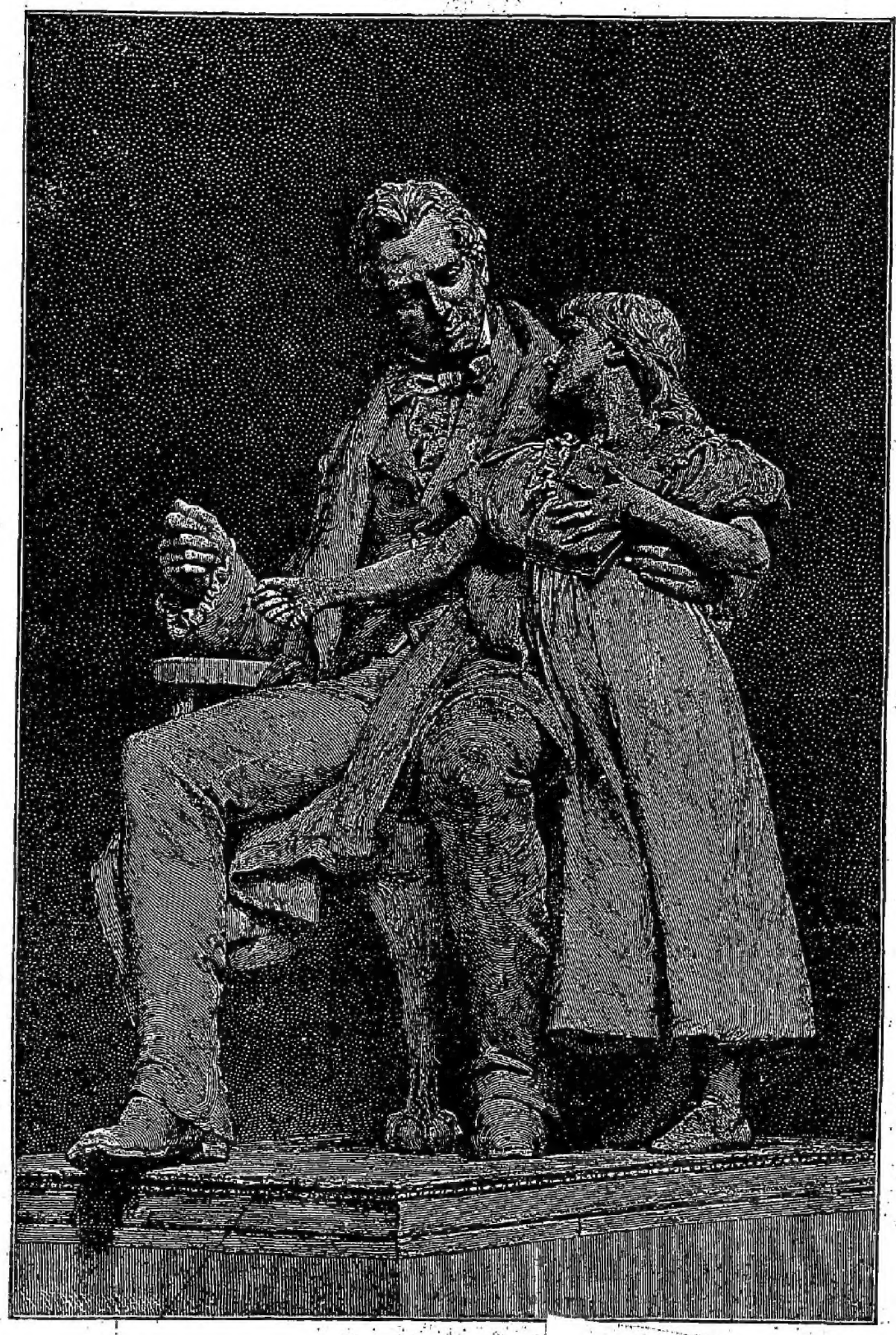
THE TEACHER OF THE SILENT.

BY HELEN EVERTSON SMITH.

Many years ago there lived in the pretty little city of Hartford, Connecticut, the distinguished surgeon Dr. Mason Fitch Cogswell, who had a beautiful young daughter. Alice Cogswell was as playful, sweet, and bright as any other child, yet she never spoke, and when spoken to she did not hear nor understand. To her, all of life was silent. The voice of parents and playfellows, the sound even of her own laughter, were all unknown to her. The song of birds, the music of instruments, the roar and rush of falling water or of surf, the pattering of rain, the whistling of the wind, the deep roll of the thunder, were all as nothing to her. She could not conceive of their existence. She could ask no questions, she could make no requests, she could tell no thought or feeling of her heart. Those who were well acquainted with her of course knew by her gestures whether she was glad or sorry, hungry or thirsty, sleepy or wakeful, comfortable or uncomfortable; but she had no words to tell them what they could not see. She might wonder at the succession of day and night, she might watch the sinking sun or gaze at the pale moon and twinkling stars, but she could neither ask nor be told what they were; neither could she be made to understand whether an action was right or wrong, or why it was either, for she was deaf and dumb.

Next door to the family of Dr. Cogswell lived a family named Gallaudet, whose eldest son, Thomas, pitied the unfortunate little Alice with all his compassionate heart. One day it occurred to him that she might be taught to read, and then what a world of happiness might be hers! He began by showing her the letters h—a—t, and soon made her understand that they expressed the hat which he held in his hand, and so by little and little he succeeded in teaching many things to the silent child; but this was not enough for him. From loving and pitying this one little "prisoner of silence," he was led to think of and pity all the other unfortunates who could neither hear nor speak, and at last he determined to devote his whole life to helping not only Alice, but as many others as he could.



THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET TEACHING THE DEAF-MUTE [illegible] FRENCH.

About thirty years before Thomas H. Gallaudet had tried to teach poor little Alice Cogswell, a good French abbe named L'Epee, had also pitied those who were thus locked out from the knowledge which to the rest of us comes so easily that it seems to us we know it of ourselves; and he, and later on a pupil of his, another good abbe, named Sicard, had studied out a sign language by which deaf-mutes could learn to talk with others. Mr. Gallaudet had heard of these two good men, and of how much they had been able to teach by means of their finger alphabet, and so he went across the ocean to learn it. It was a long voyage in a sailing vessel, for there were no steamships then, and he was absent about fifteen months; but at last he came back, and on April 17, 1817, the first school on this continent for the instruction of deaf-mutes was opened in Hartford, Connecticut.

From this school, beginning with only seven pupils, have sprung many similar noble institutions in all parts of the land, wherein the deaf-

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mute children of rich and poor alike can find faithful, devoted teachers to open for them with silent key the doors which lead to the many paths of knowledge.

Even before the time of the two good abbes there had been single instances in which some devoted parent had so carefully instructed a child, rendered doubly dear by the misfortune which had closed upon it the door to many of life's choicest blessings, that it had learned to read and write a little, though never well, and to follow some mechanical employment. In some of the convents in France very beautiful embroidery was done by deaf-mutes, and some of the finest laces were the work of their nimble fingers and sharp eyes.

There were also some deaf-mutes who had shown decided artistic ability. In this country, in the early days when the fine arts were little cultivated among us, a portrait-painter, whose work is equal to that of most of his compeers, was a deaf-mute, whose sole instruction was gained from mixing colors in a coach-painting shop. His name is now forgotten, but the writer remembers that her grandfather, showing her the portraits (still existing) of his grandparents, told her that they were painted by this man, and added, "If he had lived in good Mr. Gallaudet's time, this poor deaf-mute would have been educated, and very probably have become a celebrated artist."

Our engraving shows us the figure of Mr. Gallaudet teaching the little Alice Cogswell the first letter of the sign alphabet, as they appear in the marble group erected by the "deaf-mutes of America" to the memory of their benefactor. The group will soon be unveiled at the National Deaf-mute College in Washington, D.C.

This large and flourishing institution is presided over by Professor Edward Gallaudet, a worthy son of the Rev. Thomas H. Gallaudet, and in its fine location and great extent forms an interesting and grateful contrast to the humble building on Prospect street in Hartford in which the beloved father began his unselfish labors.

Another son, the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., has also devoted his life to the deaf-mutes, but more in the way of giving them pastoral care and religious instruction. On every Sunday morning any who wish may attend a service at his church on West Eighteenth street, near Fifth avenue, New York, where they will hear from Dr. Gallaudet a sermon which his stated congregation will see, for, while he speaks, his remarks will be interpreted by means of the sign language to the gazing, not listening, assembly. The afternoon service is conducted wholly in the sign language.

As might be supposed, there have been improvements upon the method originated by L'Epee and Sicard and taught by Gallaudet. The one that has attracted the most interest has been that of making the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak—the first in a figurative, the last in a real sense—so that we may now converse with a deaf-mute without being conscious that to one of us there is no such thing as sound. This power of speaking as others do and of understanding spoken words is taught by watching and causing the pupil to imitate the motions of the lips and of the throat muscles of those whose speech is unimpaired. The sons of Mr. Gallaudet employ this method for those who, having lost their hearing in early childhood by some disease—as scarlet-fever—still possess the memory of sound and some power of articulation. With such their success is wonderful. But for those to whom life has always been soundless they think the sign language to be the more natural, and therefore employ it.

Long years ago the bright and loving Alice Cogswell and the noble teacher, whose self-denying labors made her life a happy one, have passed into the Unknown Land where, as our Christian hope teaches us to believe, every good thing is theirs. Looking reverently at the two earnest and affectionate faces in the marble group, we thank God in our hearts that he has made such men to guide his helpless ones, and remember gladly that it is those whom Mr. Gallaudet's laborious life so greatly benefited who have gratefully raised this beautiful tribute to his memory.—*Harper's Young People.*

MR. WANAMAKER AND HIS SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

The wonderful Bethany Sunday-school of Philadelphia, of which Mr. John Wanamaker is superintendent, with its three thousand pupils, is often described. The humble beginnings from which this school sprung are not so well known. Since most of our readers are especially interested in this school and its honored superintendent, we take the space to tell them something about the obstacles which Mr. Wanamaker overcame in starting this great enterprise. We copy the following from an interesting account by Mrs. M. P. Handy. After describing the way in which he looked in vain for a suitable room, Mrs. Handy writes:

"But it has never been John Wanamaker's way to give up anything he undertakes, and he left only to stroll through the neighborhood looking for a more promising location. At 2135 South street they saw an Irish girl with her head out of the window where a small piece of white paper bore the legend, 'Room to Rent.' They asked the terms ($6 a week) and secured the refusal of the room until the next day. Here on the second Sunday in February, 1858, Bethany Sunday-school had its first beginning with Messrs. Wanamaker and Toland as teachers and twenty-seven pupils. The school grew steadily in spite of all predictions to the contrary. Another room in the same house fell vacant; they rented that and filled it, then the school overflowed into the entry and staircase. Mr. Wanamaker feared lest his landlord might object, but, instead, the people of the house came to the school. The neighborhood was a terror to the city; no respectable woman dared venture there alone even in the daytime; no well-dressed man with a dollar in his pocket was safe there after nightfall. 'Your life isn't safe,' people told him. 'My life belongs to God,' was his answer. 'And in all these thirty-one years,' he said, recently, 'I have been offered but one indignity. It was a bitter cold day, and I was on my way to a funeral in the worst part of the neighborhood. As I passed a knot of men and boys standing near a corner saloon a huge snowball struck me violently in the back with such force as to make me stagger for a moment. None other followed and I walked on, thinking best not to notice it. Some weeks afterwards, at the same place, a rough, awkward-looking fellow sidled up to me. "Please, Mr. Wanamaker," he stammered, "I hit you with a snowball once. I'm sorry I done it. I didn't mean it for you, and—and—please may I come to your Sunday-school?" And so,' added Mr. Wanamaker, 'I was really glad the thing had happened.' By summer time the school had outgrown its quarters and was attracting attention outside and some help had come to the earnest missionaries. They hunted along the river front, found some old sails for hire, and put up a tent on a vacant lot. Here they met until cold weather came, when they were able to hire the old car depot of the Gray's Ferry Passenger Railway Company, while, some friends aiding them, they raised $3,800 and put up a little building on the site of the tent."

One author goes on to say:

"He sets an example to all Sunday-school teachers and superintendents in the matter of regular attendance. During the past year he has been absent from his post but one Sunday. In the summer, especially, he makes it a duty to come back from country or seashore, wherever he may be, to attend the school. 'Everybody who can wants to be away,' he says, 'so I am all the more needed. But it is no sacrifice. I enjoy it. Nothing else I have ever done or had has given me half as much comfort and satisfaction as my work in the Sunday-school. I never had any idea it was going to be anything great when I began it; it just grew and grew. And I never had any great plans for my own future. All the plan I have had was always to do a full day's work, to do it as well as I could, and to work faithfully at the thing that lay nearest to my hand.' He has an adult Bible class of nearly three hundred and sixty. Last year he gave them each five cents to invest on the 'talent plan,' and make all they could from it. The seed thus sowed harvested a thousand dollars. With this they have bought a lot at the seashore, and the five cents this year are to be devoted to making money to build a Bethany summer home on the lot.

"The immense class is divided into working clubs and has tithes men whose business it is, not only to collect contributions, but to look after the spiritual and temporal needs of the people as well."—*Golden Rule.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON XI.—JUNE 16.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.—Mark 15: 21-39.

COMMIT VERSES 25-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.—Phil. 2: 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Christ Crucified is the wisdom and power of God for the salvation of man.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 15: 21-39.
T. Matt. 27: 32-53.
W. Luke 23: 26-47.
Th. John 19: 17-30.
F. Isa. 53: 1-12.
Sa. 1 Cor. 1: 18-31.
Su. Heb. 10: 1-20.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

21. *Cyrenian*: belonging to Cyrene, a city on the north coast of Africa. *Coming*: to the feast of the Passover. They met him, a stranger and defenceless. *Alexander and Rufus*: well-known Christians at the time the Gospel was written (see Rom. 16: 13). 22. *Golgotha*: Hebrew for the Latin Calvaria, Calvary, a low hill in the shape of a skull, probably on the north of Jerusalem. 23. *Myrrh*: as a narcotic to deaden the pain. It was given by some benevolent people. *Received it not*: he would bear all the suffering God laid on him. 24. *Parted his garments*: among four soldiers (John 19: 23). *Casting lots*: for the tunic, which was seamless, and could not well be divided (John 19: 23, 24). 25. *Third hour*: nine o'clock. 27. *Thieves*: robbers, perhaps of Barabbas's band. 28. *The Scripture*: Isa. 53: 12. 32. *And they*: spoken in a general way; probably only one reviled him: or both did at first, and one soon ceased. (See Luke 23: 39-43.) At this time one robber was converted, and Mary was given in charge of John. 33. *Sixth hour*: noon. 34. *Eloi*, etc.: words in the Aramaic, the common language of the Jewish people at that time (see Ps. 22: 1). *Jesus felt* forsaken. 35. *Elias*: Elijah. 37. *Gave up the Ghost*: spirit, soul. He yielded up his life voluntarily. 38. *Vail of the temple*: the one between the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies, 60 feet long and 30 feet wide.

SUBJECT: LESSONS FROM THE CROSS.

QUESTIONS.

I. CHRIST CRUCIFIED FOR US (vs. 21-26).—From what place was Jesus led forth? In what place was he crucified? What is its common name? (Luke 23: 33.) Who was compelled to bear Jesus' cross? What lesson does this teach you? What other incident happened on the way? (Luke 23: 27, 28.) Give an account of the method of crucifying. Why must Jesus die such a terrible death? What was given him to drink? Why did he refuse? At what hour was he crucified? What title was placed over the cross? In how many languages? (John 19: 20.) Why? Was this title a truth?

II. SCENES AT THE CROSS (vs. 27-33).—Who were crucified with Jesus? Relate the story of the conversion of one of them. (Luke 23: 39-43.) How did the crowd treat Jesus? Would they have believed had he come down from the cross? Could Jesus have saved himself? Why did he not do it? What friends were near the cross? (John 19: 25, 26; Matt. 27: 55, 56.) What touching scene took place between Jesus and his mother and John? (John 19: 26, 27.) What took place over all the land? What was the meaning of this?

III. THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS.—What did Jesus say while they were nailing him to the cross? (Luke 23: 34.) What to the penitent robber? (Luke 23: 43.) What to his mother and John toward noon? (John 19: 26, 27.) What was the *fourth* word, toward three o'clock? (Mark 15: 34.) What was the *fifth* word? (John 19: 28.) What was the *sixth*? (John 19: 30.) What was the *seventh*? (Luke 23: 46.) What lessons can you learn from these seven words?

IV. THE DEATH OF JESUS (vs. 34-39).—At what hour did Jesus die? What did he say just before? (v. 34.) Had God forsaken him? What were his last words? What took place when he died? (v. 38.) What was the meaning of this? (2 Cor 3: 14-16.) What also occurred at the time of his death? (Matt. 27: 51-54.) What did these things signify? How did they impress the Roman centurion?

V. THE ATONEMENT.—What was the need of Christ's death? Recite all the texts you can about his death as an atonement for sin. *Why could not God forgive us without this atonement?* What does Christ's death teach us as to sin? what as to its punishment? What as to the value of the soul? what about the worth of heaven? How does it show the love of God? What motives does it present for us to be good? Will it be of any use to us unless we repent and believe?

LESSONS FROM THE CROSS.

I. Calvary is the centre of the world's history.
II. If Jesus was willing to die that we might be saved, how earnest we should be to be saved.
III. Christ crucified shows the exceeding evil and danger of sin.

LESSON XII.—JUNE 23.

JESUS RISEN.—Mark 16: 1-13.

COMMIT VERSES 6, 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. 15: 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The risen Saviour is our Resurrection and Life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Mark 16: 1-20.
T. Matt. 27: 55-66.
W. Matt. 28: 1-20.
Th. Luke 24: 1-52.
F. John 20: 1-31.
Sa. John 21: 1-25.
Su. 1 Cor. 15: 12-58.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

The burial: Friday afternoon, between four and six o'clock, in a new sepulchre, near Calvary, aided by Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. *Precautions*: the Sabbath (Matt. 27: 62-66). In order to prove the resurrection, the death must be proved beyond doubt. In the providence of God, the centurion testified to the death of Jesus: the soldiers pierced his heart; the tomb was new, and at the request of the chief priests the tomb was sealed and guarded. *The resurrection*: very early Sunday morning (Matt. 28: 2-4), accompanied by an earthquake and by a shining angel. 5. *A young man*: Matthew says an angel in shining garments. 12. *In another form*: not a different body, but only their eyes were holden so that he appeared different (Luke). *Into the country*: to Emmaus, eight miles northwest of Jerusalem. (See Luke 24: 13-31.)

ORDER OF EVENTS.—(1) Mary and others come to the sepulchre. (2) Mary returns immediately to tell Peter and John. (3) The other women enter the sepulchre. (4) They go to report to the disciples. (5) Then Peter and John come to the sepulchre and return. (6) Mary again draws near the sepulchre and sees Jesus.

OUR LORD'S APPEARANCE AFTER HIS RESURRECTION.—(1) To Mary Magdalene (John 20: 11-14; Mark 16: 9). (2) To the women returning from the sepulchre (Matt. 28: 9). (3) To Peter (Luke 24: 34; 1 Cor. 15: 5). (4) To two disciples at Emmaus (Luke 24: 13-35). (5) To the eleven at Jerusalem (Mark 16: 14). (6) To the eleven at Jerusalem (John 20: 26). (7) To seven disciples by the Sea of Galilee (John 21: 1-24). (8) To the eleven on a mountain in Galilee (Matt. 28: 16-18). (9) To the 500 brethren, possibly identical with (8) (1 Cor. 15: 6). (10) To James, probably at Jerusalem (1 Cor. 15: 7). (11) To the eleven, just before the ascension (Luke 24: 50, 51).

THE RESURRECTION PROVED.—(1) By the testimony of the apostles. (2) They had every opportunity of knowing. (3) They were convinced against their own expectations. (4) They attested their belief by their lives and by death. (5) Multitudes, at the time and on the spot, believed. (6) It changed the lives of the apostles. (7) The change of the Sabbath testifies to it. (8) The story of his enemies contradicts itself.

SUBJECT: THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE BURIAL.—How did his enemies make sure that he was really dead? (John 19: 31-34.) Where was Jesus buried? (Matt. 27: 57-60.) How did his enemies make sure that there could be no deception concerning his resurrection? (Matt. 27: 62-66.)

II. THE RESURRECTION.—How long was Jesus in the tomb? (1 Cor. 15: 4.) On what day did Jesus rise from the dead? At what time of the day? What signs accompanied his resurrection? What promise was thus fulfilled? (Matt. 16: 21; 20: 19.) What does Paul say about the importance of this event? (1 Cor. 15: 12-20.) Did Jesus rise with the same body with which he was crucified? (John 20: 25; Luke 24: 39-43.) Was it then like the bodies we shall have at the resurrection? (1 Cor. 15: 50-52.) When did that change take place in Jesus' body? (Luke 24: 51.) Could we prove that Jesus rose from the dead unless he came back with exactly the same body that died?

III. THE STORY OF EASTER MORNING (vs. 1-8).—Who came first to visit the tomb? (v. 1; Mark 16: 1.) What does their example teach us about keeping the Sabbath? What hinderance did they expect? (Mark 16: 3, 4.) How was it removed? What lesson may we learn from this? Whom did the women find at the tomb? (Luke 24: 4-6.) What message did the angels send? Why was the appearance in Galilee only mentioned? (1 Cor. 15: 6; John 21: 16-17.)

IV. THE APPEARANCE OF JESUS AFTER HIS RESURRECTION (vs. 9-13).—To whom did Jesus appear first? To whom next? (Matt. 28: 9, 10.) How many other times did Jesus appear? (See Helps.) Give an account of one referred to in vs. 12, 13. (See Luke 24: 13-31.) During how many days did Jesus appear? (Acts 1: 3.) Are the proofs that Jesus rose from the dead abundantly sufficient? Does the work that Jesus is now doing in the world prove that he is living? What proof did he give in Paul's conversion? (Acts 9: 5.) What was the last act of Jesus in the body? (Mark 16: 19, 20; Acts 1: 9-12.)

V. THE TEACHING OF HIS RESURRECTION.—How does the resurrection complete the proof that Jesus was the Son of God, the Saviour of the world? (1 Cor. 15: 13-17.) What does it teach us about the reality of life beyond the grave? What does it teach about our resurrection? (John 6: 40; 11: 23-25.) What does the Bible teach us further about our resurrection? (1 Cor. 15: 35-54; Phil. 3: 20-21.) What comfort do you find in this truth? Of what new life is it an illustration? (Rom. 6: 1-8.)

Is this doctrine a comfort to the wicked? (Rev. 20: 13-15; John 5: 28-29.) How does it give largeness and grandness to the life of the good? What comfort to those who have lost friends? What support in the hour of death? How is the change of the Sabbath to the first day of the week a witness to the resurrection of Jesus?

LESSONS FROM THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.

I. It proves that Jesus was the Son of God.
II. It proves that we have a living Saviour, able and willing to help and save us.
III. It proves that death does not end all, but that there is life and immortality beyond the grave.

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Second Quarter, 1889.)

1. Apr. 7.—The Triumphal Entry.—Mark 11: 1-11.
2. Apr. 14.—The Rejected Son.—Mark 12: 1-12.
3. Apr. 21.—The Two Great Commandments.—Mark 12: 28-34.
4. Apr. 28.—Destruction of the Temple Foretold.—Mark 13: 1-13.
5. May 5.—The Command to Watch.—Mark 13: 24-37.
6. May 12.—The Anointing at Bethany.—Mark 14: 1-9.
7. May 19.—The Lord's Supper.—Mark 14: 12-26.
8. May 26.—Jesus betrayed.—Mark 14: 43-51.
9. June 2.—Jesus Before the Council.—Mark 14: 55-65.
10. June 9.—Jesus before Pilate.—Mark 15: 1-20.
11. **June 16.—Jesus Crucified.—Mark 15: 21-39.**
12. **June 23.—Jesus Risen.—Mark 16: 1-13.**
13. June 30.—Review, Missions, and Temperance.—1 Cor. 8: 4-13.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

HOME COURTESIES.

It often seems to me that even Christian parents forget that common politeness in the home affects the moral welfare of their children. They seem to forget that this is a Christian virtue and duty, and that to "be courteous" is a divine command.

I spent a day recently with the family of a man who possesses so many Christian virtues, and who is such an earnest worker for Christ, that it seems like searching for flaws in an almost perfect character to write that I detected a defect in that character. I wondered at its nature and at its existence in such a man and in such a home.

This defect manifested itself in the absence of so many of the graceful kindly little courtesies that add such a charm and sweetness to true home life, and go far towards the formation of right character in children.

There were four children in the family. They were having a merry, boisterous time when we entered the house, and there was no diminution in the noise on our appearance.

"Hello, papa," cried the eldest, a boy about ten years, "got anything for us?"

"No, not to-day," replied the father.

"Well, why ain't you got anything?" asked the boy impatiently.

"Oh, I can't bring you something every day. I did bring you something, too; I brought you this gentleman. His name is Mr. H——. Come and shake hands with him."

"I don't want to," was the prompt reply, as the boy turned to his play. One of the younger children came forward and asked if I had any candy. Happening to have a caramel in my pocket I gave it to her, whereupon the other three children crowded around me.

"Run away, run away," said the father. "Don't you know it isn't polite to tease?"

They evidently did not know it, or ignored the fact if they did know it. A struggle here ensued for the possession of the caramel which the little girl had let fall on the floor.

"Children will be children," said the father, without attempting to quiet the disorder. The mother here entered the room and commanded the children to "be quiet," and in a few moments we went out to dinner.

I regret to write it, but not once did I hear the words "thank you," or "please," at the dinner table. The husband and wife addressed each other simply as "John" and "Mary."

"Pass the bread, John," the wife would say, while he would hand up his cup a second time saying:

"Another cup of coffee, Mary."

The children were sharply reprimanded several times and the eldest boy relapsed into a fit of sullenness because he could not have two pieces of rich cake.

A dozen times I seemed to hear the sweet and simple words of Peter: "Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous," and I wondered how the force of this gentle admonition had failed to impress itself on this man, and why he had failed to teach lessons of simple courtesy to his children, when love and kindness and courtesy are the most beautiful and graceful things—attributes of Christian character.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

RUDENESS TO WOMEN.

A friend was spending the day with me the other day, and while she was here our pastor called. After he left, the friend said: "Did you ever notice with what respect Mr. Conrad speaks of his wife, and how courteously he treats her at all times?" I nodded assent, and my friend went on:

"I suppose my husband is as good a man as ever lived, but his mother did not train him to be courteous to ladies. His sisters were his slaves, and thereby he is spoiled as a husband. I wish I could train several hundred boys to be husbands for the next generation. Do you suppose they'd consider it their prerogative to drive the girls out of the easiest chair, take the sunniest corner of the room, the best place by the light, throw books, papers, or slippers down for some one to put away, grow up with the idea that a wife must be a valet and the rest of the household stand respectfully by to obey orders? You smile, but this is anything but a subject to laugh over.

"I really believe husbands never think how their unkind ways hurt. They don't realize the difference to us—for instance, in their manner when they come to dinner. All day the wife has been alone with the children, and servants, and is more hungry for a kind word from her husband than an epicurean feast. He comes in just as the dinner-bell rings. 'For a wonder dinner is once ready on time,' the husband says. Couldn't he have saved the heart stab by saying:

"'That's a pleasant sound to a hungry fellow,' and what hinders him from adding, what would be the milk and honey to a weary soul all the rest of the day—nay, all the rest of her life—'You are a good wife, Cornelia.' And if dinner is not quite ready, why need he say, 'Of course not; never is.'

"When I think I have a hard time, I just think of the women who have no servants, but who themselves care for the children, wash, iron, cook, mend, churn, milk, carry wood and water, all for less than an Irish servant girl's wages. Of course men appreciate their wives, of course they do, but they keep their polite manners and courteous ways for—other men's wives. One time James thanked me for saving him room beside me at the concert, and then sort of apologized for being polite, by saying he thought it was my sister Mary."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

REMARKS AND RULES FOR GOOD BREAD.

With good flour, a good oven, and a good, sensible, interested cook, we can be pretty sure of good wholesome bread. Yeast bread is considered the standard bread, and is, perhaps, more generally found on every table than any other kind. Hence it is important to know how to make good, sweet, wholesome, yeast bread. Good flour is the first indispensable, then good, lively yeast, either yeast cakes or bottled, the former is preferable in all respects. Then, of course, there must be the proper materials to work with. A bread bowl or pan—the pan is easiest kept clean—a stone or earthen jar for setting the sponge; a sieve—flour should always be sifted before making bread of any kind; first, to be sure that it is perfectly clean, secondly, sifting evlinens and aerates the flour, and makes both mixing and rising easier and quicker; a clean white cloth to cover the dough, and a woollen blanket to keep the dough of even temperature while rising; baking pans, deep and shallow; a large strong spoon for stirring, and a little melted suet or fresh butter for oiling the pans; never use poor butter. If you want shortening, rich milk or cream scalded and cooled will answer the purpose and be most wholesome. But thorough kneading is better still, and should always be done effectually. Scalding a portion of the flour makes a sweeter bread and speeds the work. Water, milk, or buttermilk may be poured boiling hot on a quart or two of the flour, stirring well, and cooling to a moderate temperature before adding the yeast—this makes the sponge. Scalded flour always makes a little darker bread, unless we use buttermilk, which makes a rich, creamy, white bread. Yeast is fermented flour or meal—the first stages of decomposition or decay. Understanding this, every baker will comprehend the necessity of regulating the extent of the fermentation with the greatest care, for a sponge or bread fermented or "raised" too long, is decomposing, spoiling, actually rotting! This is the language of an experienced English baker to us only a few days ago, during a talk about the delicate foamy loaves "yeasted to death," which so many families are eating and calling "the staff of life," quite discarding the firm, sweet, substantial, home-made loaf which our mothers and grandmothers kneaded with their own skilled hands. Bread-making should stand at the head of domestic accomplishments, since the health and happiness of the family depend incalculably upon good bread; and there comes a time in every true, thoughtful woman's experience when she is glad she can make nice, sweet loaves, free from soda, alum, and other injurious ingredients, or an earnest regret that she neglected or was so unfortunate as not to have been taught at least what are the requisites of good bread-making.

YEAST.

Dry yeast or yeast cakes are more convenient and less liable to taste in the bread than baker's yeast. Two or three times a year there should be a fresh supply of yeast cakes prepared and carefully put in a dry place. Yeast cakes are manufactured and sold, some of which are very reliable. To make dry yeast, steep for half an hour a handful of fresh hops in a quart of boiling water. Sift two quarts of flour in an earthen or stone pan, and strain into the flour the boiling hop tea. Stir well and let it cool, when lukewarm add a cent's worth of baker's yeast or a cupful of good home-made yeast, and put in a tablespoonful of brown sugar, a tablespoonful of ginger, a tablespoonful of salt, mix thoroughly, and let it rise. It is best to prepare this sponge over night, and early in the morning it will be rounded up and light, and give you all day, which should be sunny and breezy, to dry and make the yeast cakes. Now mix into the sponge as much good corn meal as will make a stiff, firm dough, knead it well and make it into a long, round roll three or four inches in diameter. Cut it into slices half an inch thick, spread a clean cloth or clean paper on a board and lay the cakes on and put into a light, airy place to dry. Turn them several times during the day, and speed the drying as fast as possible, as the fermentation goes on while they remain moist. When dry put into a bag made of firm linen or cotton, tie close, and hang high and dry. —*N. L. Holbrooke, M.D.*

LUCK WITH POULTRY.

There are several people in New Jersey who have what is called "great luck" with chickens. Two of them, both women, have such different ways of managing, and such similar results, that they are worth comparing. Both make their poultry pay them well, and have many eggs at the time when housekeepers and incubator owners will pay high prices. One is a capable little woman living on a small place. She raises fine Spangled Hamburgs and sells them at capital prices. All the food for her fowls must be bought, but she supplies every need. Two warm puddings and a meal of grain those chickens have every day, besides meat, oyster shells and cabbages. She always tests the hatching eggs, and such success has she in raising the young stock that she thinks it is her fault when a thoroughly hatched, strong, little chicken dies. The other is the wife of a farmer who from fifty hens gets great baskets of eggs every week all winter. Her thrifty, handsome flock is of all sizes and colors. She gives her fowls no warm food, no lime, no green food, and no meat except when the ground is covered with snow. They can always find all the whole corn they want in the barn. In the early morning she gives them oats and wheat, both whole, and warm water to drink. These two ways have points in common on examination. The first henwife must give to her hens what the others find for themselves. In the rich ploughed fields on the farm are lime, and insects, which, with their myriads of eggs, furnish animal food in plenty. Hay and corn stalks take the place of green food. Both flocks are kept in clean quarters, and with both there is careful breeding. Every feather is thought of importance in one, and in the other the owner breeds from the "best hens and the largest cocks." In these two cases "great luck" means wise feeding and thoughtful breeding.—*American Agriculturist.*

TEASING THE BABY.

"We all love papa, except baby. Baby doesn't care for poor papa at all!"

"Yes, I do! Do I, papa!" says the tremulous little pipe, as if the charge were as new as terrible.

We always smiled at the quaint phraseology, and the prick of the accusation never failed to call forth the protest in the self-same terms. Looking back, now that the sensitive heart will never ache again nor the loyal lips cry out against unmerited slur, I can see what deadly earnest the trifling was to the child. Devotion to papa was part of her religion; doubt of it was sacrilege. The evidence of her passionate attachment was interesting to us, and flattered the object. The instant flash of indignant denial diverted those to whom her trial by fire was no more than the explosion of a toy rocket.

The cruelest teasing is that which takes effect through the affections. Baby is all emotion; his heart throws out feelers through every sense. The truth that he loves and is beloved in return makes his world. Be careful, then, how you utilize moral antennæ as the lovers to accomplish ends of your own. Like unattached tendrils, they wither and drop off soon enough with the growth of the physical and mental man. While they are alive and sentient, treat them tenderly. Do not tell your child that he does not love you for the sake of hearing him deny the charge. Let banter find other food than his preference for this or that playfellow; teach him that love is divine always and everywhere, and show how honestly you prize and reverence it.—*Marion Harland, in Babyhood.*

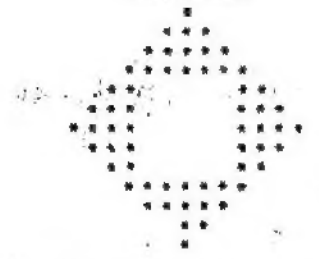
PUZZLES—NO. 11.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Under a palm was her dwelling-place,
Up in a mountain, where face to face
With Israel's God, in the solitude,
Wisdom was given and strength renewed.
And hither, from cities of many a name,
God's chosen people for judgment came.

1. As the letters of fire on the wall decreed, Victory was won by this princely Mede.
2. For thy care of a prophet so cast away, *Thy* life shall be saved in the evil day.
3. *On moved the star, and made no delay,* Till it stood o'er *the place* where the young child lay.
4. O warrior of might, thy valorous sword Brought thee fair guerdon and sweet reward!
5. Oh peaceful Sharon, thy solitude glows With the face of this *loveliest flower* that blows
6. In *him* was found, by the Heavenly King, In that house of wickedness, "some good thing."
7. Out of the eater came forth meat, And out of the *strong* came *forth this sweet.*

PATCHWORK.



(*Top, across.*) 1. A consonant. 2. An epoch. 3. Trifling talk. 4. A kind of fish, and yet it is a boy's delight on Independence Day.

(*Down.*) 1. A consonant. 2. A river in Italy. 3. To mistake. 4. A snare. 5. A heathen goddess. 6. A masculine nickname. 7. A vowel.

(*Bottom, across.*) 1. A stopper for a cannon. 2. Certain periods of time. 3. A number. 4. A consonant.

(*Down.*) 1. A consonant. 2. An exclamation. 3. The cry of a cow. 4. A flat-bottomed boat. 5. Anger. 6. A bone. 7. A consonant.

(*Left, across.*) 1. A consonant. 2. The yellow or gold color represented on an escutcheon by small dots. 3. A South African antelope. 4. To cripple. 5. Suddenly. 6. An abbreviation for one of the points of the compass. 7. A consonant.

(*Down.*) 1. A consonant. 2. An opening. 3. A vegetable. 4. A musical instrument.

(*Right, across.*) 1. A vowel. 2. A note in music. 3. A feminine name. 4. A Roman garment. 5. A masculine name. 6. Upon. 7. A consonant.

(*Down.*) 1. A speech. 2. To decorate. 3. A Turkish commander, or chief officer. 4. A vowel.

ENIGMA.

I'm in wicked and in weak,
I'm in silence and in speak,
I'm in mercy and in hope,
I'm in bishop and in pope,
I'm in treachery and truth,
I'm in handsome and uncouth,
I'm in babyhood and youth,
I'm in simple and in wise,
I'm in stumble and in rise,
I'm in early and in late,
I'm in faithful and in fate,
I'm in happy and in pure,
I'm in doubtful and in sure,
I'm in weariness and strength,
I'm in height, in breadth and length.

HANNAH E. GREENE.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 10.

ANAGRAMATICAL CHARADE.—

1st couplet	=ha! ha!	9th couplet	=the.
2nd "	=gear.	10th "	=green.
3rd "	=hair.		
4th "	=chance.		
5th "	=cheer.	1st	=Jack
6th "	=high.	2nd	=in (inn)
7th "	=Jack in the Green.	3rd	=the
		4th	=Green.

ANAGRAMS.—Arthur Wellesley Wellington; William H. Prescott; Jared Sparks; Richard Wagner; Richard Grant White; Victoria, Queen of England; Ralph Waldo Emerson; Julia Ward Howe.

RIDDLE.—The letter M.

WHAT IS IT?—A secret.

The Family Circle.

TEMPLE BUILDERS.

BY MRS. MARGARET J. PRESTON.

You have read of the Moslem palace—
  The marvellous fane that stands
On the banks of the distant Jumna,
  The wonder of all lands.

And as you read, you questioned
  Right wonderingly, as you must,
"Why rear such a noble palace,
  To shelter a woman's dust?"

Why rear it? The Shah had promised
  His beautiful Nourmahal
To do it, because he loved her,
  He loved her—and that was all!

So minaret, wall and column,
  And tower and dome above—
All tell of a sacred promise,
  All utter the accent—love.

We know of another temple,
  A grander than Hindoo shrine,
The splendor of whose perfections
  Is mystical, strange, divine.

We have read of its deep foundations,
  Which neither the frost nor flood
Nor forces of earth can weaken,
  Cemented in tears and blood.

That, chosen with skill transcendent,
  By wisdom that fills the throne,
Was quarried and hewn and polished,
  Its wonderful corner-stone.

So vast is its scale proportioned,
  So lofty its turrets rise,
That the pile in its finished glory
  Will reach to the very skies.

The flow of the silent Kedron,
  The roses of Sharon fair;
Gethsemane's sacred olives
  And cedars are round it there.

The plan of the temple, only
  Its Architect understands;
And yet he accepts—(oh wonder!)
  The helping of human hands!

And so for the work's progression,
  He is willing that great and small
Should bring their bits of carving,
  As needed to fill the wall.

Oh, not to the dead—but the living,
  We rear on the earth he trod
This fane to his lasting glory—
  This church to the Christ of God.

For over the church's portal,
  Each pillar and arch above,
The Master has set his signet,
  And graven his watchword—Love.

CHILDREN OF THE SAME FATHER.

BY EMILIE GOODCHILD.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

"Mamma, won't we have butter on our bread for supper?"

"No, Freddie, but Mame has just gone to get a pint of milk; and you know, bread and milk is a dish fit to set before a king," said mamma, cheerfully.

Freddie's eyes brightened, and 'twas evident from the expression of his face the promised fare had a sumptuous sound to him; then his face clouded again. "Mamma, can we have as much as ever we want?"

Mamma seemed not to hear, being very intent at that moment arranging the folds of satin and costly lace on the dress she was making. Then Mame came in with the pitcher of milk, so Freddie's question remained unanswered, though it had not escaped Mrs. Smith's notice.

Mame was a child of eleven years, but she seemed as matured as many a young lady of eighteen, so early do the children of the poor learn to know the weight of the iron hand of necessity. She covered the table with a white cloth, put on three plates, three cups and saucers, three knives, and three spoons, divided the pint of milk equally into the three cups, sliced up a loaf of bread, then said, "Mamma, supper's ready."

"You and Freddie eat yours now, Mame," replied mamma. "I want to get all I can done to this dress before we light the lamp. I don't feel very hungry, so put a slice of bread on my plate; then eat all you want."

Mame looked searchingly at her mamma. "Are you well, mamma?"

"Quite well, dear," and the pale face brightened at the child's thoughtfulness.

"Hurry up, Mame, I'm awful hungry," exclaimed Freddie; and Mame seated herself at the table.

"You've forgotten to say grace, Freddie," said Mame, as her brother began hastily to break up his bread into the milk.

The children folded their hands.

"Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and every where adored.
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.
Amen."

Truth compels us to own, Freddie didn't repeat these words very reverently, and seemed relieved when he was at liberty to give attention to his bread and milk. But then, Freddie was only seven years old, and was very hungry; he had only one slice of bread thinly spread with butter, and a cup of coffee without sugar for his dinner. I don't wonder he was hungry, do you?

The children ate their supper, and the mother worked on, while her thoughts kept pace with her fingers. "The rent is paid for another month," she thought, "that is comforting. But only ten cents in my pocket-book, enough for breakfast. Where is our dinner to come from unless this dress is paid for immediately, and Miss Cook seldom does that. Well, I suppose I must ask for it; but it's hard to be obliged to plead for what one has fully earned." There was a tremulous expression about Mrs. Smith's mouth that bespoke inward conflict.

"Good-night, mamma!" Freddie held his lips up to be kissed.

"Good-night, Freddie."

A softened expression came into Mrs. Smith's face. Mother-love had conquered.

"Won't you have your supper now, mamma?"

"Not yet, Mame; you must be tired, child, let the table stand and go to bed, you have been working so hard all day."

"Shall I thread some needles for you first, mamma?"

"No, dear, you have done enough for to-day."

"Good-night, mamma."

"Good-night, dear."

Mrs. Smith worked on alone with no sound, save the soft breathing of her children and the movement of her needle; and as she worked, one thought was uppermost, "Will I get the money for this when I take it home?"

. . . . . .

Ding-a-ling-a-ling!

"I do hope that is the postman with a letter for me," said a young lady who for more than an hour had languidly reclined upon a blue plush couch, bemoaning the dreariness of her lot.

As this remark received no reply except a faint smile from her sister, who, in marked contrast to herself, was working industriously on some remarkably pretty sachet bags, she added impatiently, "You make me sick, Ethel, putting so much energy into such trifles, and actually looking happy over it."

"Louie, dear, the 'Woman's Exchange' has offered to sell, at a good price, one hundred of these bags before Christmas. The money I get for them will buy flannel for poor Auntie Green, and may save the dear old lady some rheumatic twinges. It will buy medicine and some juicy fruit for little Bob Jones; and I hope to have enough to pay for a steerage passage to Ireland, and send consumptive Mary Boyle to the home she longs for. These you must own are no trifles, for they affect the welfare of human lives."

Miss Louise shrugged her shoulders, but was prevented from making another impatient reply by a tap at the door.

"Come in!"

"Please, ma'am, it's Mrs. Smith brought your dress home, an' she's waitin' for an answer to the note."

"Put the dress on the bed, Kittie, and tell Mrs. Smith I will answer the note when I have time to attend to it."

As the servant left the room, Ethel paused in her work, and fixed her great dark eyes on her sister.

"Well!" exclaimed Miss Louise in no very gentle tone, "what have you to say?"

"Why didn't you read the note, Louie; perhaps Mrs. Smith needs the money."

"Because I didn't choose to. I don't find my chief delight in charity if you do."

"But, Louie, that is not charity; it is Mrs. Smith's right."

"My! you're turning champion for the working women now," was the reply, accompanied by an angry flash of her eyes which was not at all becoming to Miss Louie. It was a constant source of irritation to her that her sister should be so happy and generally beloved while she was miserable. That this state of affairs was the result of her own inordinate love of self seemed never to have entered her mind.

Ethel resumed her work quietly; and Miss Louie untied the package to look at her dress, and soon, with evident satisfaction, was surveying herself in the mirror.

"What do you think of it, Ethel?" she asked, turning to her sister.

"It is beautiful, Louie, Mrs. Smith certainly does excellent work."

Miss Louie understood her sister's remark, and opened the envelope containing the bill. It was accompanied by a slip of paper on which was written:—

"I have sat up all night to finish your dress as my only resource to get bread for my children. The poor, you know, can not get credit; for my little ones I can plead—for myself I would prefer to starve."

"Read that, Ethel, quick!" exclaimed Miss Louie, who was not without feeling, though selfish and thoughtless. "Just think of any one being in such straits! What shall I do?"

"Send her the money you owe her at once, Louie; and remember this is not an isolated case of suffering among the poor from a failure on the part of those who employ them to pay promptly."

Miss Louie's heart was softened now, and she lost no time in sending Mrs. Smith the money due to her. This done, she drew a chair to her sister's side, and asked affectionately, "Ethel, how is it you always do the right thing?"

"I fear I fall sadly short of that, Louie; but I often think how poorly we fulfil the command, 'Bear ye one another's burdens.' And yet, God is our Father, Mrs. Smith's no less than yours and mine. Children of one family, only think of it! and to show such lack of consideration for one another. Now, dear, my bags are finished, I must go out."

Left alone Miss Louie pondered well the words, "Children of the same Father." She never thought of her relation to her fellow-beings in that light before. Have you, dear reader?—*Morning Star.*

A DREAM.

I dreamed that I saw an angel of mercy from heaven looking for some of God's children to do a little work for the day in his vineyard.

As he passes down the street he meets a well-dressed gentleman in his easy carriage, and the following conversation ensues:

The messenger inquired: "Are you a child of God?"

Answer: "I will describe myself, and you can judge for yourself. I belong to one of the large churches in Los Angeles. I pay heavily, and bear a large burden of the expenses of the church, and am advised with in all important steps. I attend its meetings and have entered into all the plans that have made it a success. Also, at home I attend strictly to the daily reading of the Bible and family worship. Even this morning we were rejoicing over God's goodness to us in giving us so many religious privileges, as well as worldly prosperity; for in my financial investments I have made a large amount of money the past year."

Messenger: "Well, I, no doubt, have come to the right one. Yonder in that building is a man sick and about to pass away to the judgment. He needs counsel and help from one of his earthly brothers, in order that he may save his soul. Will you go?"

"Well, now, that kind of little missionary work I used to do when I did not have these larger financial matters to look after. My calling now seems to be of a larger kind. Now, there is about to be a large committee meeting to plan a large hotel to cost thousands of dollars, and its success largely depends upon me. There is neighbor B. coming, who is another of our good church-members, and he has much less responsible business to attend to. Please excuse me, for I must hurry along."

Happy B. drives up.

Messenger: "Are you a child of God?"

Answer: "I am, and a favored one, both spiritually and financially."

"Make haste, then, for yonder lies a sick man inquiring the way to heaven. A word in time may save his soul."

Brother B.'s head drops a little, but he says: "God bless the poor man! If there was no one else to go, I would go; but really, I have pressing business and an engagement to meet up-town this morning. I have just entered a syndicate that is making money by thousands, and as soon as I can make a good round sum I am going to give one-half of my time to this work. Please excuse me."

The messenger turns away with a sad face, and says: "O that I might do this work! but my heavenly Father has given this precious work to man. I will try again."

A sister of the same church passes by, pail and mop in hand. The messenger asks: "Which way are you going?"

"To yonder building to scrub an office, that I may earn some bread for the two little children that God has given me."

"Are you his child?" asks the messenger.

"I hope so; yet I have done but little for him—now and then a little errand by the wayside. I have but little means, and these hands are very busy earning plain fare for my darlings. I have just been asking God to give me one little errand of mercy to do for him to-day."

Messenger: "I have one for you. In the same building to which you are going, in room number five, is a sick man. Enter there, and do or speak as God shall direct."

A gentle rap on the sick man's door.

"Come in," is spoken. She enters and makes kind inquiries. Sick unto death, the doctor says, and far away from home and loved ones. A few orderly touches are given to the room and a cooling bath to the fevered brow. An expression of thankfulness passes over his face and he says: "How soothing! How much like the touch of my mother! She had a Comforter, and wanted me to accept him as mine; but I was too busy then. Can you tell me how I can find my mother's God? I need him very much. Oh, how I long to know how to take hold of the promises of God! I prayed that he might send a messenger to tell me how. As all my loved ones are so far away that I am very much in need of some one to direct me, it seemed, when you entered, that you must be the one sent."

"I may be," she answered, "if God so directs; yet I am unworthy."

"God says: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden.' That is I. Also, again: 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' Again: 'Come unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God and there is none else.' Again: 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you.' Again: 'The day thou shalt seek me with thy whole heart I will be found of thee;' 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me.' These must include me. I am heavy laden. I mourn, and want comfort. I knock, and want God to let me into his peace."

The woman asked: "Do you believe Christ came to save sinners?"

"I do, and I am sure I am the chief of sinners."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"I will!—I do!—I am saved!" came faintly from the dying man's lips, and a glad smile lit up the sad face. A sweet, cheering message was left for the loved ones far away, and then, with a stretched-out hand, as if to grasp a hand from heaven, and with that glad smile, he was gone.

The poor woman kneeling by his side thanked God for the privilege of directing one more soul to heaven, and then went to her work, not being aware that she was the willing instrument in God's hand of saving a soul. The others first called upon passed on to their worldly pursuits, and were successful. They have their reward in dollars and cents, but an account of their stewardship must be rendered hereafter.—*Southern California Advocate.*

THE ONE who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.

F. W. ROBERTSON.

WHAT A GIRL ONCE DID.

BY EDWARD IRENÆUS STEVENSON.

Among all the incidents of endurance and pluck set forth in the annals of this continent, perhaps none more remarkable can be found than that which is contained in some very dusty pages to be read in quaint French in a Paris library, or in the transcription of them by one of our own historical authors—the "Statement of Mademoiselle Magdeleine de Vercheres, aged fourteen years," daughter of the commander of a lonely French fort, called after her father, which stood on the St. Lawrence River a score of miles below Montreal.

It was the 22nd of October, 1692. The strong fort inclosure, stockade and block-house were open, and the residents were at work in their fields at some distance. M. de Vercheres was at Quebec on military business. His wife (who was the heroine of another famous incident of those perilous days) had gone to Quebec. In the stockade were actually only two soldiers, a couple of lads who were the young girl's brothers, one very aged man, and a few women and children. Magdeleine—or, as we should now spell it, Madeleine—was standing at a considerable distance from the open gate of the fort with a servant, little suspecting any danger.

All at once a rattle of arms from the direction where some of the agriculturists were busy startled her. It was repeated. She began to see men running in terror in the far away fields. At the same moment the serving-man beside her, equally astonished, exclaimed, "Run, mademoiselle, run; the Iroquois are upon us!" The young girl looked where he pointed, and lo! a troop of some forty or fifty of the wily savages, thinking to surprise the stockade while their main band attacked those who were outside, were running toward the gates, scarcely a hundred yards from where she stood trembling. There was not an instant to lose. It was life or death for her and all. She fled for the fort. The rest of her story can largely be quoted from Mademoiselle Madeleine's own recitation, published at the time.

"The Iroquois who chased me, seeing that they could not catch me alive before I reached the gate, stopped and fired at me. The bullets whistled about my ears, and [as she says, dryly] made the time seem very long. As soon as I was near enough to be heard, I cried out, 'To arms! to arms!' hoping that somebody would come out and help me, but it was no use. The two soldiers in the fort were so terrified that they had hidden within the block-house.

"At the gate I found two women crying for their husbands, who had just been killed. I forced them to go in and shut the gate. I next thought what I could do to save myself and the few people with me. I went to inspect the fort, and found that several palisades had fallen down and left openings by which the enemy could easily get in. I ordered them to be set up again, and helped to carry them myself."

It may be asked how there was sufficient time for this necessary work. But it must be remembered that the Indians seldom came directly to the stockade in daylight, dreading concealed defenders greatly, and in the present instance they were ignorant of the singularly unprotected state of this fort. So the brave little girl was able to prepare for the worst with all her wonderful presence of mind and courage. She continues:

"When all the breaches were stopped I went to the block-house, where the ammunition is kept, and here I found the two soldiers, one hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand. 'What are you going to do with that match?' I asked. He answered, 'Set off the powder and blow us all up!' 'You are a miserable coward,' said I. 'Go out of this place!' I spoke so resolutely that he obeyed. I then threw off my bonnet, and after putting on a hat and taking a gun I said to my brothers: 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember that our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King.'"

Getting her little company together in the stockade, and discovering the Iroquois moving about the fields, and either pursuing the unfortunate men and women in them, or else discussing the best means of advancing, Madeleine began firing at them from various loopholes, and directed a cannon to be discharged to deter them from coming nearer, and at the same time to spread the alarm over the vicinity. The women and children shrieked and clamored. She made them be silent, for fear of letting the redskins suspect the situation. The foe drew back and remained quiet for a time, and as they did this a canoe with several persons in it was seen out upon the river coming swiftly to the dock near the fort. It was evident that those in it did not suspect that the danger was so near, whatever else they had heard. It was possible to save them from slaughter, and at the same time add the settler she recognized in the canoe, with his family, to the little garrison. Madeleine went out alone—none other dared—from the stockade to the dock, and received them. The Indians, seeing only a little girl meet the new arrivals, feared a grand sortie if they dashed out of their ambush, and allowed Madeleine to escort the new-comers—a settler named Fontaine and his party—into the fort gates unhurt. She had hoped for this, and was overjoyed at her success. Her garrison now numbered six. She goes on:

"Strengthened by this re-enforcement, I ordered that the enemy should be fired on whenever they showed themselves. After sunset a violent north-east wind began to blow, accompanied by snow and hail, which told us we should have a terrible night. The Iroquois were all this time lurking about us, and I judged by their movements that, instead of being deterred by the storm, they would climb into the fort under cover of the darkness. I assembled all my troop (that is to say, six persons), and spoke to them thus: 'God has saved us to-day from the hands of our foes, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. As for me, I want you to see that I am not afraid. I will take charge of the fort, with the old man [she adds that he was eighty, and had never fired a gun, but he could probably carry an alarm]; and you, Pierre Fontaine, with La Bonte and Gachet, go to the block-house with the women and children, because that is the strongest place; and if I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy cannot hurt you in the block-house, if you make the least show of fight.'

"I placed my young brothers on two of the bastions, the old man on the third, and I took the fourth; and all night, in spite of wind, snow, and hail, the cries of 'All's well!' were kept up from the block-house to the fort, and from the fort to the block-house. One would have thought that the place was full of soldiers. The Iroquois believed so, and were completely deceived, as they confessed afterward to M. de Callieres, to whom they told that they had held a council to make a plan for capturing the fort in the night, but had done nothing because such a constant watch was kept.

"About one o'clock in the morning the sentinel [the old man] on the bastion by the gate called out, 'Mademoiselle, I hear something!' I went to him to find out, what it was, and by the help of the snow which covered the ground I could see in the darkness a number of cattle, the miserable remnant that the Iroquois had left us. The others wanted to open the gate and let them in, but I answered, 'No. You don't know all the tricks of the savages. They are, no doubt, following the cattle, covered with skins of such animals, so as to get into the fort if we are foolish enough to open the gate for them.' Nevertheless, after taking every precaution, I decided that we might open it without risk.

"At last the daylight came again, and as the darkness disappeared our anxieties seemed to disappear with it. Everybody took courage excepting Madame Marguerite, wife of the Sieur Fontaine, who, being extremely timid, as all Parisian women are, asked her husband to carry her to another fort. [A silly request certainly.] He said, 'I will never abandon this fort while Mademoiselle Madeleine is here.' I answered him that I would rather die than give it up to the enemy, and that it was of the greatest importance that they should never get possession of any French fort, because if they took one they would think they could get others, and would grow more bold and presumptuous than ever.

"I may say, with truth, that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours. I did not go once into my father's house, but kept always on the bastion, or went to the block-house to see how the people there were behaving. I always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged my little company with the hope of speedy succor.

"We were one week in constant alarm, with the enemy always about us. At last M. de la Monnerie, a lieutenant sent by M. de Callieres, arrived in the night with forty men. [He came down the river.] As he did not know whether the fort was taken or not, he approached as silently as possible. One of our sentinels, hearing a slight sound, cried, 'Who goes there?' I was at the time dozing, with my head on a table and my gun lying across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard a voice from the river. I went up at once to the bastion to see whether it was of Indians or Frenchmen. I demanded, 'Who goes there?' One of them replied, 'We are Frenchmen; it is de la Monnerie, come to bring you help.' I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw M. de la Monnerie I saluted him and said, 'Monsieur, I resign my arms to you.' He answered, gallantly, 'Mademoiselle, they are in good hands.' 'Better than you suppose,' I returned. He inspected the fort and found everything in order and a sentinel on each bastion. 'It is time to relieve them, monsieur,' said I; 'we have not been off our bastions for a week.'"

M. de la Monnerie in astonished admiration took charge of the relieved fort. The heroine's work was over. The savages fled, and not long after they were captured near Lake Champlain, and some twenty persons they had made prisoners at Vercheres were brought safely back. The father and mother of Madeleine came from Montreal and Quebec, and heard the story of her valor and coolness with rapturous praise. She grew up to be a woman, receiving for her life a pension from the King of France as a mark of honor, and she died at an advanced age, respected and honored by all who knew her.—*Harper's Young People.*

"'What are you going to do with that match!' I asked. He answered, 'set off the powder and blow us all up.' 'You are a miserable coward,' said I. 'Go out of this place!'"

HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE FLOCK.

HINTS FROM A CHAMPION SWIMMER.

(Harper's Young People.)

When a duckling waddles out of the egg into a puddle, it knows how to swim about as well as its mother, and a young frog just freed from his pollywog tail can sit on the bottom of the pond with his eyes open, and be as much at home as the oldest croaker in the swamp. But a boy is not so lucky. When he first gets into deep water, his instinct is to splutter and cough and yell, to scramble out if he can, and if not, to go to the bottom.

Probably most of the boys who read this have long since overcome the habit of sinking to the bottom, and a good many, no doubt, are able to make even the most expert frogs green with envy. But all will be glad to listen to a little good advice from Gus Sundstrom, the champion long-distance swimmer of America, and the man chosen to teach the muscular members of the New York Athletic Club to swim as they ought to swim. Mr. Sundstrom gives his lessons in the big bathing tank at the club-house, and spends most of his time in a bathing suit.

In nine cases out of ten, Mr. Sundstrom says, a boy who wants to make a first-class and scientific swimmer should begin by forgetting what he already knows, so as to learn over again in the right way. The first thing to master is the

BREAST STROKE.

That is the stroke which frogs use, and always have used, and it seems to be the natural way of swimming. Imitate a frog as closely as you can, and you will need no better teacher. But a frog's legs and feet form one straight line, and his fingers are fastened together so as to form a very fine paddle. Hold your fingers close together when you strike out, so as to imitate the webbed feet of a duck; and when you draw up your legs for a fresh kick, be careful to straighten out your feet, so as to avoid the resistance of the water against your instops. In kicking out, strike the soles of your feet against the water, as though you were pushing yourself up in bed. Spread your legs far apart as you kick, and then, when they are fully extended, comes an important point in swimming. Do not jerk them up for another kick, as ignorant swimmers do, but draw them tight together, as though your legs were a pair of shears with which you wanted to cut the water. By thus closing your legs on the water you will add almost as much to your speed as by the first kick.

Kick out as your arms are being extended for a stroke, and draw up your legs while making the stroke. That is the moment at which to get your breath, as the water is then smooth in front of you, and less apt to get into your mouth. It is well to accustom yourself to breathe only at every third stroke, as it will help you very much in rough water. It is important to draw the breath in quickly, and so breathing through the mouth, which ought not to be practised in other exercises, is good in swimming.

FLOATING.

When you have learned to swim on the breast correctly and strongly, learn to float. Begin by taking in a deep breath, and then draw up your knees and place your hands upon them, squatting in the water. At first you will sink, but by-and-by you will float in that position, with the eyes just above the level of the water. That will accustom you to holding the breath. Then swim ahead with the ordinary

Imitating a Frog.

Arm Exercise.

breast stroke, and, while well under way, suddenly give a reverse stroke with the hands. This will throw you upon your back, and by working the hands with a corkscrew motion you will keep afloat. If you are alone, you may swallow a good deal of water in learning unless you keep your mouth shut; if you have any one to support you, it is very simple. Do not try to raise the head and keep the ears out of the water, as you cannot float in that position. Lie perfectly flat and straight, and in a natural position, as though stretched upon your back in bed. In swimming upon the back the legs do most of the work. Kick out with them as in the breast stroke, and paddle with your hands at the same time to keep afloat. When you become expert you can learn to swim very rapidly on the back by stretching your hands straight out above the head, lifting your arms from the water to do so, and then bringing them down to your sides with a long, powerful sweep through the water.

DIVING.

You will perhaps learn more about diving by watching a good diver than by many lines of printed instruction. Do not try to dive from a height at once, but begin about a foot from the surface of the water. Keep the feet together, and stretch the arms straight out before you, with the hands together and the palms downward. The hands should always strike the water first, to save the face from striking against any dangerous object in the water. When you first start, have some one hold your ankles. Then fall simply forward, without any jump, and let the friend who holds your ankles give them a slight toss, so as to send you down head-first and prevent you from striking upon the stomach. Draw a big breath while you are in the air. Close the eyes as you dive, but open them as soon as your head is under water. Accustom yourself early to being under water with your eyes open. It is very necessary, and will not hurt the eyes. You will soon learn the knack of diving, and accustom yourself gradually to different heights. Use your outstretched hands as a rudder. Keep them pointed downward as long as you wish to go down, and let them start upward when you want to rise.

SIDE STROKE.

First, for the side stroke underhand. You lie in the water upon the left side, half of your head being under the water, and your face turned round toward the right shoulder. The left hand shoots out above the head, under water all the time; while the right arm is extended along the body. For the first stroke bring the left hand down with a powerful sweep until the fingers are just above the left knee; at the same time shoot out the right hand, and bring it back to the original position with a shorter sweep. The arms are thus made to work alternately, and while the right arm is being pushed ahead, the legs kick out, catching the water on the insteps. This stroke, which permits of very fast swimming, should be practised on either side.

The best stroke known for long and rapid swimming is the overhand side stroke. The position is the same as in the underhand, and the principle is the same, with one exception. While swimming on the left side, instead of pushing the right hand ahead under water, and making but a short stroke with it, it is lifted out of the water and thrown far ahead, not touching the water again until it is fully stretched out. It is then brought down to the body with a long and very powerful sweep.

Swimming on the Back.

FANCY SWIMMING.

Any one who has mastered the strokes already spoken of is a thorough swimmer, and for practical purposes needs nothing more. With the ability to dive from a height, float, and swim strongly, he can always take care of himself.

"Fetching," that is, going a long distance under water, is good practice, and a few words about it may be of interest. Take a regular dive, without any upward jump, but sharp into the water head-first, and with a good start forward. Allow your body to go down about three feet under water, and then swim straight ahead with the breast stroke. Do not make the movements too quickly, because, instead of making you go farther, it will cause you to lose your breath much more rapidly, and diminish the length of your "fetch." Keep your eyes open, and use your hands as a rudder to keep you from rising or from sinking too far. After a few trials you will know instinctively how to keep at the right depth, and then your expertness will depend upon your ability to hold your breath.

MISSION WORK.

BY MRS. S. ROSALIE SILL.

"There is much need of home mission work," said a lady to us the other day. "Do you know, I think Dr. Edward Judson is doing even a grander work than his honored father. Of course, there is a larger need in our large cities, with their steady influx of foreign population, than there was in his father's day, and it is a wise thing not to overlook our own country's needs."

"It reminds me of what a city minister was telling me not long since," said Mrs. Amidown. "A young lady in my congregation desired to go to Asia Minor as missionary, but as she was an only child her father objected. The father was not a Christian; so, of course, could not as readily sympathize with her. I saw that she was losing nearly all interest in church work, and I feared, unless aroused, would lose much of her enjoyment. One day I said to her: Laura, did you not know that you can do just as effective missionary work at home as abroad?"

"'How could I?' and she looked at me wonderingly.

"'Over in those alleys, not many blocks from the church, is, I sometimes think, a more degrading heathenism than we find by crossing the ocean. Some way I do not feel safe to have things so, for such benightedness breeds anarchy, which may cause a disastrous upheaval at any time. We need to let in the purifying light of the gospel to cleanse. Yet first they need a great deal of patient teaching in thriftiness to get them in a proper condition to feel the need of church-going, or to be able to make even a decent appearance.'

"'I am interested enough to do it if I only knew what to do,' replied Laura.

"'I will go with you at first, as it would not be safe, perhaps, for you to go alone; afterward you will no doubt be able to find some one else to engage in this work with you. Your own good sense and ready tact, I am quite sure, will guide you in what to do.'

"'Laura Graham's sympathies were thoroughly enlisted during our first visit, and her noble womanly soul arose equal to the occasion, and for three months she was a tireless worker. Then she came to me and said: "Most of my people have grown thrifty enough so that they can make themselves presentable for worship, and some have a desire to go. Where shall I tell them to go?"

"'Our church has been preparing for this need, and we have a room in the chapel which will soon be completed, warm, bright and cheerful. I did not think it best at first to have them at our regular services, for they might not wish to go; but I think as soon as ever they become accustomed to religious service that will be the place for them.'

"'I have some efficient help, now,' said Laura, 'in Katie Flynn. She came to me not long since and said: "They want to learn our way of cookin' over in the next alley, an' if you would be afther goin' about wid me and givin' the poor craythurs a bit of advice, an' doin' a bit av prayin' I could learn 'em to cook, indade I could. The prayin' miss, does a wonderful sight av good for me. Even the bit av a room with the one windy, seemed respictable like after havin' a prayer in it, an' I respicted meself, too.'"

"'Well, the two alleys reached out to other alleys, and our cheery room grew full. Souls were born into the kingdom and there were many accessions to the church. Our church-members took a sensible and Christlike view of things by making these lowly brothers and sisters feel that they were children of one Father, so that many of them rose in the social scale to become respected citizens.'

"Miss Graham labored most assiduously

Leg Exercise.

for some years, and now that she has assumed new relationships and has a happy home of her own, she still does quite an amount of mission work. Who shall say that it was not as acceptable in the sight of the Master as that of those who visited foreign lands."—*Standard.*

A TRAP FOR BOYS.

At a meeting in Philadelphia, during the week of prayer, one of the speakers related this incident; A lad was approached by one of those dispensers of that which deprives men of their property and destroys both body and soul, who solicited him to come to his place of destruction and take a glass of lemonade. The boy hesitated, but on being assured that he would get nothing but a glass of sweet lemonade, he was induced to go in. Sure enough he was offered and partook of what had been promised him, and nothing more. This was repeated several times, till at length, the trap having been set, it was now time to spring it. Accordingly, the rum-seller began his work by dropping into the glass of lemonade one drop of strong liquor, increasing it so as thus imperceptibly to form in the lad a taste for it. As the boy never paid for his drinks, one of the old customers of the place asked the landlord why he so favored the boy. He replied by pointing and saying, "Do you see that fine mansion upon the hill yonder? That belongs to the boy's father, and will probably soon belong to him, and then in turn it may belong to me."

BOYS AND TOBACCO.

In an experimental observation of thirty-eight boys of all classes of society, and of average health, who have been using tobacco for periods ranging from two months to two years, twenty-seven showed severe injury to the constitution and insufficient growth; thirty-two showed the existence of irregularity of the heart's action, disordered stomachs, cough, and a craving for alcohol; thirteen had intermittency of the pulse; and one had consumption. After they had abandoned the use of tobacco, within six months one-half were free from all their former symptoms, and the remainder had recovered by the end of the year.

JUNE.

June is the pearl of our New England year.
Still a surprisal, though expected long,
Her coming startles. Long she lies in wait,
Makes many a feint, peeps forth, draws coyly back,
Then, from some southern ambush in the sky,
With one great gush of blossoms storms the world.
A week ago the sparrow was divine,
The blue-bird, shifting his light load of song
From post to post along the cheerless fence,
Was as a rhymer ere the poet came;
But now, O rapture! sunshine winged and voiced,
Pipe blown through by the warm breath of the west,
Shepherding his soft droves of fleecy cloud,
Gladness of woods, skies, waters, all in one,
The bobolink has come, and, like the soul
Of the sweet season vocal in a bird,
Gurgles in ecstacy we know not what
Save June! Dear June! Now God be praised for June!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

MELINDA RANKIN.

At the close of the year there died in the State of Illinois a woman, well stricken in years, whose life history is worth recalling. She was the first missionary in Mexico, and her name, Melinda Rankin, will be, to those who know any thing of her work, intimately associated with the introduction of the Bible into that Republic. A young new England girl, she gave herself early to Christ, and her consecration was complete. She drifted away to the South-west as a teacher, and found friends and pleasant surroundings, but they did not satisfy her. The outbreaking of the Mexican war concentrated attention on that people, and while others were thinking of conquests and spoils, she was thinking of the foes to our armies as subjects for Christian evangelization. She passed into Texas, continuing the support of herself by teaching. The writer of these lines was a witness of the immense immigration then pouring into Texas. But he did not dream that in the multitudes there was one soul intent on higher things than the thought of gain. Miss Rankin in the end found herself at Brownsville, on the Rio Grande. The opposite bank was within the limits of Mexico. She immediately started a school, and almost as soon began the distribution of the Scriptures. Many of the Bibles found their way across the river, and the first mission to Mexico was at work. Great discouragements befell her in her chosen work. But she had great encouragements also. Once she met Daniel Baker, the noted evangelist, and he bade her go on, with his benediction. To secure a building for her school and Bibles to send to Mexico, she returned to the United States. In some way she was led to the rooms of the Presbyterian Board of Education, and told her story to Drs. Van Rensselaer and Chester. They questioned her closely, almost severely she thought. But in the end they asked her, "How much do you want of us." She modestly answered, "Two or three hundred dollars." Up rose Dr. Chester, noble man, and replied, "You shall not leave Philadelphia with less than five hundred." The money was raised. She went back to Texas, erected her school building, and put the Bible in many hands. In a few years a revolution triumphed in Mexico, which brought Juarez and his party into power, and opened Mexico to the Bible and the missionary. Her long sought for opportunity had come. She went into Mexico, selected Monterey as the "Protestant Headquarters," and established herself in her work. Friends came to her aid and Bibles were sent in quantities, and Mexican helpers were sent out into the regions round about. We cannot rehearse the whole story. Suffice it to say that in the year 1873, twenty-one years after she first reached the Rio Grande, she went to Boston, and surrendered her mission with its property and other interests to the American Board, and retired from active labor.—*Presbyterian Observer.*

A WISE WORD FROM MONGOLIA.

Some time ago a Mongol said to me, "It is better to be in the mouth of a mad elephant than in bad company." "Why?" said I. "Because," said he, "a mad elephant can only hurt the body and kill this life; but bad company hurts the soul, and makes it suffer in the life to come!"—*Rev. J. Gilmour.*

BOYS' AND GIRLS' STORIES

THE OFFICE FLOODED WITH THEM FROM ALL OVER CANADA.

THE JUDGES' REPORT FROM NEWFOUNDLAND, MANITOBA AND THE N.W.T. AND BRITISH COLUMBIA—A REMARKABLY SATISFACTORY SHOWING BY THESE PROVINCES—MANY GOOD STORIES AND FEW BAD ONES—AN EXHAUSTIVE REPORT.

One thousand one hundred and ninety-three stories have been received in the Dominion competition. The results have been more than satisfactory. In the first place, every Province is represented. In the second, a very casual observation shows that there are many really good stories amongst them. Of the stories

Newfoundland sends		12
Prince Edward Island sends		72
New Brunswick	"	121
Nova Scotia	"	107
Quebec	"	131
Ontario	"	703
Manitoba, &c.	"	30
British Columbia	"	17

The ratio between the number of contributors and the English-speaking population of the Canadian provinces, according to the census of 1881, is as follows:

In Prince Edward Island, one contributor for			621
" New Brunswick,	"	"	2,020
" Nova Scotia,	"	"	( )
" Quebec,	"	"	( )
" Ontario,	"	"	2,050
" Manitoba,	"	"	1,287
" British Columbia,	"	"	841

If this ratio proves nothing else it proves how widespread the circulation of the *Witness* and *Messenger* is.

What are the stories about? About pretty nearly everything—hunting adventures, adventures on the rivers and lakes, lumbering adventures, love stories, adventures in the early wars, clearing the forest and making farms; in fact nearly everything in the history and progress of this country that one can think of. The "Boys' and Girls' Stories" Column in the *Witness* will be an interesting one this year.

MR. DAWSON'S REPORT.

The first judges' report on the Dominion Prize Competition has been received. It is from Mr. S. E. Dawson, of Montreal, one of the best literary critics in America, whose opinion is of great value. It is gratifying, therefore, that he expresses so high an opinion of the stories submitted to him. The names of the winners will not be published until all the reports have been received.

REPORT ON STORIES SUBMITTED.

My marks are in green chalk on the back of the papers.

NORTH-WEST TERRITORY.

Two papers are presented. Both are descriptive accounts of Assiniboia. Neither are stories. Neither are remarkable in any way. Being the work of children they are probably more truthful than most accounts we get of that country, although the stock phrases of older people continually are repeated in them. The better one is marked A. It might be used in your paper, if revised, simply as information as to how the country appears to a child.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

These are very good as a rule. Arranged by counties, I have the following remarks to make:—

LILLOOET—There are two papers—both childish descriptions of the locality, evidently by very young people. The writing and composition do the teacher credit. There is nothing unusual in either paper.

CARIBOO—Four papers—all interesting, realistic pictures of life in that wild country, and I think should be put aside for revision and publishing. The handwriting is very good. The paper marked A (No. 5) is a capital story. B (No. 6) is good. C (No. 7) and D (No. 8) are good also. All four are highly characteristic, and contain some quaint phrases and touches of humor.

YALE—One story—and a capital one. Very characteristic and is worth printing, marked A No. 9.

VANCOUVER—Five stories—The one marked A No. 10 is a good story. B No. 11 is a hunting story—interesting. These two might be worth printing. C No. 12, D. No. 13, E No. 14 are not of sufficient merit to notice.

NEW WESTMINSTER—Six stories—Five of which are good. A No. 15 is a capital story. B No. 16 is good, and so is C No. 17. D No. 18 is fair. These might all be printed. E No. 19 is a good murder story, disagreeable. F No. 20 is by a very little child.

The choice for British Columbia is between A No 5, A. No. 9 and A No. 15. All three are good and of almost equal merit in every respect. They are strongly characteristic of the country and have a dash of Western humor about them which is very interesting. I rate them thus:—

1st—Yale, A 9.
2nd—New Westminster, A 15.
3rd—Cariboo, A 5.

MANITOBA.

WINNIPEG—One story—A No. 16—An account of a trip from Winnipeg to Prince Albert.

SELKIRK—Three stories—A No. 17 is a short incident of a deed of heroism worth preserving as an incident. B No. 18 is an account of experiences. C No. 19 is a simple young child's composition.

LISGAR—One story—It is told with a good attempt at dramatic style and is a good story, worth reproducing after revision—marked A No. 20.

DUFFERIN—Two stories—Very realistic—Children's accounts of actual family experiences in homesteading. They are worth any amount of emigration literature: A No. 21 is the better of the two. They ought to be put aside.

MINNEDOSA—One story—A good attempt at literary invention for a boy and well told. The ice and the prairie fire do not match, but the writer will do better with more experience—marked A No. 22.

PROVENCHER—One story, interesting and nicely told. An adventure of a little girl which should be preserved. Marked A No. 23.

MANCHESTER—One story—A good one, very well told. It is characteristic of the country and valuable as giving the dark side of Manitoba life. It should be printed. A No. 24.

NORFOLK—One story—A little boy's, of early emigration experiences. Simply told. He asks for a card on distribution day. Please send him one. Marked A No. 25.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE—One story—It is a descriptive account of Manitoba, not a narrative. A good emigration paper but without the lines of this competition. Marked A No. 26.

BRANDON—Two stories—A No. 27 is a capital narrative of a boy's life, simply told and giving a very real picture of the country. It has not much style but a great deal of truth. It should be preserved. B No. 28 is more ambitious as to style, but not so interesting.

DENNIS.—Three stories—A No. 29 is a capital story of a real North-West blizzard, and very well told. It should be printed. B No. 30 is a very good story, told with much humor, of a skunk experience. It would be a pity to let it drop. C No. 31 seems to be a bit of family history, written by a little girl under a keen sense of injustice felt early in life.

ROCK LAKE.—Five stories—A No. 32 is a capital story of the life of a pioneer, and very well told. It is most graphically descriptive of the country. B No. 33 is also very good, and should be printed. It is a simple child's account of a characteristic incident in prairie life. C No. 34 is a very good account by a little girl of the hardships and eventual success of the early settlers. It should be preserved. D No. 35 is by a boy with a sense of humor. E No. 36 is by a boy whose faculty of literary perspective has been impaired by too much temperance literature.

NORFOLK AND LORNE—One story—A No. 37, a good story of a great prairie fire. It should be preserved.

TURTLE MOUNTAIN—Four stories. A No. 38 is a capital story of pioneering, and well told by a precocious little girl with a discursive mind and formed opinions upon temperance and Canadian Pacific matters. She writes very well, and if she succeeds in her ambition to be a school teacher she will be at the top of her profession if her health is good. The paper should be printed. B No. 39 is very good—there is some literary style about it which should be revised out, and the paper would be a capital one to print. It is full of information. C No. 40 is not so good. D No. 41 is the simplest effort of a very little child.

The choice for Manitoba and the North-West, for I am taking into account the two papers from Assiniboia, lies among Nos. A 20, A 21, A 29, A 32, A 33, all of which are good. I rank them as follows:

A No. 29.—An interesting and characteristic story.
A No. 32—Style more finished but not so interesting.
A No 21—An interesting story, not so characteristic.
A No. 33—A capital picture of pioneer experience.
A No. 20—A good incident told with an attempt at style.

These papers are all good. I am sorry to have to rank the first four.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

The young people of this country are at a disadvantage compared with those who live in the west. The stirring incidents of life are necessarily maritime, in which they can have no part as actors or even as spectators. The island is settled only at places along the coast, and communication is only by sea. These young people must draw upon subjects which have been treated in newspapers and books. There is no actual experience to draw upon. They have not themselves come in contact with strange or unusual events of life. This must be considered in reading these papers. It is not their fault. I think also that most of the young people have not apprehended clearly the conditions of the competition.

CONCEPTION BAY—Three papers. A No. 42 is original. It is a description of Harbor Grace by a child who lives there and, considering the age (13 years) of the writer, is nicely done. It certainly contains interesting information. B No. 43 and C No. 44 are descriptions of the whole island, taken probably from memories of the lesson books in use.

ST. JOHN'S—The wrapper says nine stories, but it contained only eight. Adele's paper was in two pieces and had evidently been counted twice. A No. 45 is an exceedingly good story and prettily told. It is drawn apparently from the imagination of the writer, but it has local color. The scene is at Placentia during the French occupation of Newfoundland. B No. 46 is a narrative of the terrible tragedy of the wreck of the "Queen of Swansea," very fairly done, necessarily out of the writer's experience, and based on newspaper accounts. C No. 47 is on the same subject. D No. 48 is an account of the great fire at St. John's to which the same objection applies. E No. 49 is another account of the fire. F No. 50 is an account of the rescue of a part of the crew of the "Polaris"—the same objection applies. G No. 51 is an original story and as such must be compared with A. No. 45. It is much inferior, but the young writer has a sense for literature and will do better the next time when her style will become less florid. H No. 52 is extracted no doubt unconsciously from the lesson book.

I have no hesitation in awarding the first prize to A No. 45. SAMUEL E. DAWSON.

Montreal, April 20, 1889.

DR. HARPER'S REPORT.

Dr. Harper's report on the Quebec stories has just been received and is also very satisfactory.

ADDRESS.

Address all letters to the *Northern Messenger*, care of John Dougall & Son, 321 and 323 St. James street, Montreal, Que.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

What do you want that your *Messenger* does not bring you? Write, won't you, and let us know. We don't want only words of praise, though, naturally, we want as many as we deserve. When you next write, give us also any hint or suggestion that occurs to you, which, if carried out, would, in your opinion, be for the benefit of the readers. We may not be able at once to act upon them all, but they shall receive careful consideration. Below are two or three from those we have received lately, all that our space in this number permits us to publish.

THE CHILDREN'S EVIDENCE.

To the Editor of the Messenger.—DEAR SIR.—In the *Messenger* of a few weeks ago a letter appeared from a subscriber asking you to discontinue the paper as the matter was not suited to the children, and in the same issue was an article headed, "A man is known by his books." Now from experience we find the *Messenger* most eagerly sought after by the children of our Sabbath school, as is evidenced by the fact that it is only a little over a year since we began taking your paper when fifty copies supplied us, but in a short time we had to take seventy-five, then one hundred, and now we find one hundred and fifty are required. We think you should have an article headed, "A child is known by his Sabbath school paper. SECRETARY SABBATH SCHOOL.

Campbellford, Ont., May 1, 1889.

GO ON IN YOUR OWN WAY.

GENTLEMEN,—With the utmost cordiality as well as with sincere thankfulness, I give you my opinion of the *Messenger*, which is this: That considering the price, quantity of literary matter and illustrations, its high moral tone, its scientific articles explaining the applications of modern science to the greatest engineering works of the nineteenth century, it is second to none either in this continent or in Europe. Go on in your own way. It can't be bettered. ALEXANDER TOD.

Maguire, Ont., March, 1889.

A NECESSITY.

Your little paper has become a necessity to me, and I always try to get new names to send with my own renewal. MRS. M. V. BROOKS.

Philadelphia.

FROM A YOUNG WORKER.

DEAR SIR,—I have taken the *Northern Messenger* this last two years and I think it is the best paper going. I went around last year and got a few subscribers and you were very kind to send me "Uncle Tom's Cabin." This year, I got four new subscribers and one renewal, and you sent me the silver spoon and butter knife. I showed them to every one who came in, and they said they were the nicest pair they had ever seen. So they are. I send my best wishes to you, and will try and do more for you next year if I live.

WILLIE WINEGARDEN.

March 1889.

TAKE THE CHILDREN.

GENTLEMEN,—Your postal card of 21st received, glad you got the $2.30, and am pleased to know you have sent the *Messenger* to———. I did not let him know I have done this. I would gladly have the *Witness* sent him, but I know he has little time to read it. Take the children instead of the fathers and make them kings and priests unto God. I was delighted with the account and picture of the Honey Ant. I showed it to the Sunday-school and found none knew of it; also the article on how the icebergs are formed, and what a glacier is. I think such articles should be repeated. DAVID MUIR.

Chicago.

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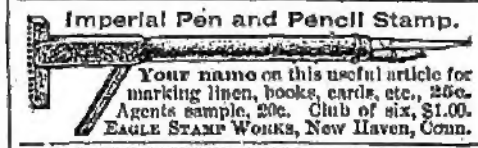

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